

*The History of*

Prince Come hither Francis. Francis My Lord,

Prince How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis Forsooth fūe yecres, and as much as to

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone, anone sir.

Prince Fūe yecres, berlady along lease for the clinking of pewter; But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart,

Poines Francis, Francis Anen sir.

Prince How old art thou, Francis?

Francis Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you Francis, for the sugar thou gauest me, 't was a peny worth, wast not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines Francis. Francis Anone, anone.

Princes Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurseday: or indeede Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis My Lord,

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

Francis O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white canualse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis VVhat sir? Poines Francis.

Prince Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint, VVhat standst thou stil, & hearst such a calling looke

to

*Henry the fo*

to the ghelts within. My Lord, more, are at the doore, shall I le

Prin. Let then alone a while

Poines Anon, anon sir.

Prince Sirra, Falstaffe and the doore, shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Cricketes, mning match haue you made, wit what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, since the old daies of age of this present twelue a clo Francis?

Francis Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow Parrat, & yet the sonne of a w and downe staires, his eloquen am not yet of Percies mind, the kils me some fixe or seuen doz his handes, & sayes to his wife worke. O my sweet Harry, say to day? Giue my Roane horse some fourteene, an houre after Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and Dame Mortimer his wife. Riue call in Tallow.

Enter

Poines Welcome Iacke, when

Fal. A plague of al cowards ry and Amen.: giue me a cup long, Ile sowe neather stockes, too. A plague of all cowards. there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see full harted Titan that melted a thou didst, then behold that c